

Religious Informer.

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Papers discontinued wher. desired, by paying all arrearages.

FRIENDS & BRETHREN,

This number of the Informer completes one year from the commencement, and six months of the new series. Some of the subscribers paid for their papers (one year) when they subscribed, and wished to have them continue after, until notice was given to the contrary: others said, if they wished to continue, they would inform; but it is impossible now to ascertain which would be their present choice; therefore feeling a hope that all are pleased with the work, so as to continue their papers longer, it is thought best to continue them to every subscriber unless they direct otherwise. If any wish to discontinue now, who have paid, are

requested to give information before the first of July, and if any wish to discontinue, who have not paid, can be gratified by paying all arrearages.

Patrons will please to accept my thanks for the liberal patronage they have bestowed upon me, and I assure them that I will endeavour to make the Informer as useful as is in my power.

The increasing demand for the papers of late, especially since February last, has induced me to believe, that many have been pleased to hear, through this medium, the glorious displays of God's love to the children of men. May the glorious work of reformation continue until the whole earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord. E. C.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Providence, R. I. to his friend in this town, dated May 1, 1820.

The glorious work of Divine Grace still continues here. Yes; blessed be God he has not yet withdrawn the light of his countenance from us. The reformation still continues at the college, and about 30, as I learn, have obtained a hope. Seven persons were baptized here by Mr. Fifield, on Saturday last, and 35 (32 by immersion) by Mr. Wilson this day. Seven were also baptized by Mr. Tatem, the Sabbath before last. I think it may be fair to state that not less than FIVE HUNDRED SOULS, probably more, have been brought from darkness to light in this town alone, since the commencement of the present auspicious year. Well may we exclaim "Glory to God in the highest." I am also extremely happy to inform you that the work has spread into Smithfield, North-Providence, Barrington, Cranston, Seekonk (where six were baptized yesterday) Pawtuxet, and Pawtucket. In Newport the work is astonishingly great; 52 have been baptized there the last week, and 17 yesterday. It also continues, I understand, in Bristol and Warren—in the latter place upwards of eighty had been baptized some days since by Mr. Shurtleff.

Twenty-seven now stand as candidates for our church, [first Baptist] and a number more are expected at the next church meeting.

The following has been received since the above, from a ministerial brother engaged in the promotion of this glorious work, and on whose testimony we place much confidence.

PROVIDENCE, May 8, 1820.

"You inquire respecting the revival. It is very extensive in this town. Probably not less than 350 have already united with some church. Dr. Gano baptized on Saturday 32 persons.—The work still continues. In the College, about thirty give hopeful evidence of a change. In Pawtuxet, about thirty are hopefully brought to embrace the Saviour. In North-Providence, about 40. In Warren, from 130 to 150. Great numbers in the different societies in Newport have united with their respective churches. In short, Seekonk, Rehoboth, & all the towns to the extremity of this State, and on the west, nearly the whole country, are visited with refreshing showers from kind heaven. In some of our most western

towns, the work, I understand, is exceedingly powerful. Many are brought to see and confess their sins, and to forsake them. The work is marvellous in our eyes; it is the Lord's doing, and all the praise is his due." *Watchman.*

Later accounts from Providence College.

We are informed, that such have been the happy effects of the late revival in Providence College, or Brown's University, that in a judgment of charity about 70 students are real Christians.—This number includes some who were previously professors, and is a majority of the scholars; the aggregate being 125.

State of New-Hampshire, Hillsborough ss.

This certifies, that a number of the inhabitants of Andover, by virtue of a law, passed by the Legislature of New-Hampshire, June 1819, have formed themselves into a Society, under the name of the First Congregational Society in Andover.

ENOCH MERRILL, *Clerk.*

Andover, May 1st, 1820.

State of New-Hampshire, Hillsborough ss.

Agrecable to an act of the Legislature of New-Hampshire, passed, June session, 1819, authorizing and empowering each, or any sect, or denomination of christians in the state, to associate, and form societies for the support of the gospel: we, James Severens, Benjamin Cilley, Jonathan Kinison, Peter Sweat, and others, met at the house of Peter Sweat on Tuesday, the fourth day of April, 1820, and formed ourselves into a society, by the name of the first Calvinistic Baptist society in Andover, and hereby agree to subject ourselves to such rules, regulations, and bylaws, as a majority of the society shall vote.

By order of the society,

JOSEPH F. HUNTOON, *Clerk.*

1st. Chose, Deac. James Severens *President.*

2d. Chose, Joseph F. Huntoon *Clerk.*

3d. Chose, Jonathan Kinison and
Phineas Huntoon } *Directors.*

4th. Chose, Peter Sweat *Treasurer.*

5th. Voted to hold our annual Meetings on the first Tuesday in April. *Andover, April 4th, 1820.*

JOSEPH F. HUNTOON *Clerk of the Society.*

FROM THE GUARDIAN.

A FRAGMENT.

Come, dear Papa, said the youthful Margaret to her aged parent, it is a fine evening, let us go forth and view the setting sun; a walk will perhaps revive our spirits; give me your arm dear sir, and lean on me. Now whither shall we direct our course? suppose we stroll on the banks and thence go down to the sea shore? Oh! how gentle and refreshing the breeze; does it not animate you? Alas! no, I see from your heart; pray do not grieve more; but if you do, dear Papa, let it be for sin only. Oh! do not sink beneath the vicissitudes of life. See sir, you make me weep too. I feel much for you, and sincerely sympathize with you. Yes, my heart bleeds for your misfortunes. Your sorrows are my sorrows;—but the Lord supports me, my dear parent, and I know that all his ways are right and just. He cannot do wrong, however hard his dispensations may seem. Perhaps his frowns may, in time, prove blessings in disguise; if so, you have infinite cause to adore the hand that now bereaves.

Your situation, at your age, I am sensible is peculiarly distressing. You have not youth on your side, to enable you to bear up under your various trials: but come, my dear Papa, cease to weep and turn your thoughts to other objects. My motive in drawing you from home was to divert your mind; and here is a scene before us, I think, sufficiently sublime to dissipate gloomy thoughts. See what a lovely and magnificent prospect surrounds us! Listen, Papa, to the low murmurings of the gentle waves. How admirably calculated is every thing here, this evening, to calm our fears and inspire our hearts with gratitude to the great Author of our being! Hark, dearest sir, how the retiring Nightingale and sweet Robin pour forth their sweetest notes from the adjacent groves to entertain us. No music beneath the sky is so melodious as theirs. All gay, all happy here. Universal nature smiles around. Hail peaceful shades! the seat of contemplation and sweet retirement. Oh! this is the place, Papa, for meditation. Behold Creation in her fairest robe, tastily drest in her richest colours. Let us, with admiring hearts, adore the God, whose matchless glories shine above, beneath, and all around; whose boundless beauties spread far and near.

Here the broken hearted Mandeville fixed his eyes on his pious child, with a look expressive of his feelings, heav'd a sigh

and exclaimed, "would to God I possessed a mind like yours." Margaret kissed affectionately the hand of her beloved parent, saying, dear Pa, if you see any thing desirable in me, and worthy of imitation, it is God who has given it me; and if you will love and believe in his dear Son, he will be bountiful and gracious to you too. (Mandeville groaned.) But see, said the lively young Christian, (who thought it would be most judicious to say but little at that time, on serious things, to her unhappy father.) see, dear sir, there is a vessel in sight, let us seat ourselves beneath this elm tree and wait her arrival; a few minutes will bring her in: meanwhile, let us contemplate the beauties of the evening. Look towards the west, and behold that glorious luminary, leaving our hemisphere, to hail the inhabitants of another part of the Globe. Which is the most grand, the rising or setting sun? The setting sun I think; 'tis the best with me for meditation. Oh Papa, what a noble sight! how elegantly the sky is painted, and what awe the scenery throws over the mind! It raises my thoughts to a higher and better scene. Where shall I find language to express my feelings? how shall I tell you my thoughts? They are too big for utterance. Could I but peep into the world above, and view the glories there, I am sure with the weak powers I now possess, I should not be able to stand the sight. What a sweet emblem is that refulgent sun, or even a brighter Sun! I mean that great Luminary who is the light of Heaven, the brightness of Jehovah's glory, and who is able to tread beneath his feet yon radiant orb. How beautifully the horizon is tinged with various colours from the reflection of the sun. Art can do much; but Nature, *how much more!* How glorious the works of Nature shine, formed by the God of nature, and preserved by his mighty hand. How gradually the sun sinks—he is gone. Oh! may I die as calmly, and may my sun go down as clear! See what a lively hue he leaves behind, Papa; what an evidence of his real brightness. I hope, sir, I may be enabled to leave behind as good a testimony of my being a true child of God, a brand plucked from the burning.

But the ship is coming in; let us descend to the shore that we may be nearer to her. What an elegant sight is a ship in full sail! The sea is almost calm; how gently she comes. She reminds me of some who smoothly glide down the tide of life, without care or concern, either of this or the world to come; while others encounter storm and tempest, wind and weather,

and are always troubled. Perhaps at this moment, on some part of the Atlantic, there are vessels tossed hither and thither by blast and billow, and can find no haven to steer to. Alas! like too many of our fellow creatures, tossed to and fro by the changing scenes of life, and know not where to anchor for peace and safety.

See Papa, they are pulling down sail; how apparently rejoiced the crew are; They have, perhaps, weathered many a gale, are glad to reach the port. (This zealous child of God, knew such comparisons would not be altogether like "casting pearls before swine." Though her father was not of the household of faith, she knew he had a feeling and contemplative mind, and hoped a blessing might accompany her poor attempts to win her wretched parent's attention to serious things: she therefore went on in a thoughtful strain.) Ah! so my dear sir, will the weary soul of the true believer, after a life spent in toil and hardship, rejoice with joy unspeakable, when safely moored in the desired haven of rest.

Look sir, through this glass, and see the sailors joyfully tripping on shore, and hastening to their different homes. Oh! (cried the animated Margaret, pressing her father's arm and looking upwards,) should it be my happy lot to get to heaven, just so, I think, I shall hasten through the golden strand to reach my Saviour's mansion; & you too, I *hope* sir. Would to God, your hopes may be realized, (exclaimed Mandeville sighing—his affectionate daughter breathed a hearty Amen!)

But is it not time to return, (said she, turning from the shore homewards,) the cool air and silver moon calls us away from this delightful spot. But here is a new scene, still pleasing, still serene, and a very favourite one with me. From the flowery vale how majestically pale Cynthia comes! but not solitary, she brings a singing host, a shining train. Neither will he who created her come alone when he descends to judge the race of Adam. No! an innumerable company of angels and just men made perfect through Christ, will attend him through the skies; yes, a glorious shining band will escort the Saviour here. How does the moon resemble her Maker in complexion, how fair, how mild, how lucid are her beams! She is the most interesting of all heavenly bodies. But *Jesus*, the Son of God, is the fairest and brightest of all above the firmament, and all beneath those dazzling lights. *He* is the brightness of his Father's glory, and outshines all above, be-

low, and all grandeur betwixt heaven and earth.

But we had better hasten home, said Margaret, a heavy dew is falling: (then drawing her father's arm through her's and looking up with an affectionate smile, added,) I hope you will not take cold, my dear Papa. As she said this she caught a glimpse of his cheek, which her quick eye perceived, from the radiant rays of the Moon, to be moistened with the big drops which flowed copiously from his venerable lids. Affected by his appearance, she raised her handkerchief, and with a trembling hand wiped his tears; brushing her own off, and breathing a prayer heavenward, she said, with a benign look, "You still weep, my unhappy parent—What shall I do to alleviate your anguish? What shall I say to comfort you? Look over the gloomy hill of despondency; brood no longer over misfortune; remember it is a holy and wise Being that afflicts you: then do not repine at the just dispensations of a gracious Providence. The sorrow of this world worketh death. Grieve not, my dear papa, for the loss of worldly good nor despair of being provided for; let the birds who are without store-house or barn, teach us to trust for our bread. We deserve nothing: nay if we had what our sins deserve, we should be naked and hungry: yes, and cut off from the living, and numbered with those who are without hope: Hell, sir, would be our portion. But God does not deal with us as we most richly deserve; he forbears for his dear Son's sake, and provides for all his creatures; and though he often takes away riches, he does not leave them to starve. It is on account of sin he visits us with judgments; but mercies are mixed with the bitter cup, which ought to excite our gratitude. Believe in Christ, love and put your trust in him, and you shall never want: he is a merciful and bountiful Creator. Oh dearest papa! let nothing give you so much concern as the state of your precious soul: that never, *never* dying part of man. If you do but obtain an interest in the Lord Jesus, you will be satisfied; you will have enough of all things; gold enough, bread enough, and pleasures you have never yet tasted. Christ with a crust of bread, is more valuable than the wedge of Ophir, more to be desired than kingdoms. Oh! seek for that precious ruby, the pearl of great price; search for it, and rest not until you have found it. If you but obtain that *one* pearl, it will infinitely more than compensate for the loss of all earthly things. None that ever searched for it *truly* have sought in vain. Go

to Jesus, my Father, and cast your soul on him : leave your cares and sorrows with him ; he is able and willing to remove them, if you are *truly* willing he should—He stands at the door of your heart, knocking till his locks are wet with the dew, “crying *open, open.*” Close it not, dear sir, but open and give the Son of God entrance, lest he should be weary of knocking. My heart is sorrowful for your sake, and Oh ! go to Christ. He only can heal your wounds, He only can pardon your sins and give you peace.” Just as they had uttered this, they reached the little Cottage to which the unfortunate Mandeville had retired to lessen his expenses, and flee the frowns of a once smiling world. Drawing his arm from that of his darling Daughter, he rushed into his room, and throwing himself on his knees, sobbed aloud, “Oh God ! I thank thee for such a treasure as thou hast given me, in my inestimable child—the richest jewel, the brightest gem, thou couldst have bestowed of earthly good ;”—and for the first time in his life, Mandeville prayed.

The following is a copy of a letter from M. N. B. Hull, who was condemned to be executed for mail robbery.

DEAR FATHER—I am daily and impatiently expecting a letter from you, and hope you have before this time received my last. On Wednesday I received my awful sentence, but dear father, I acknowledged to the court then, as I did before to you the strict justice of it. Yes I know that my hands are polluted with blood, and my conscience—oh it is burdened with the crime into which I have been drawn. Little did I expect when I left our happy home and an affectionate father, that before I could see you again, I should have incurred such guilt, and be a tenant in this doleful cell. Would to God I had rejected the first proposal, which was that we should go on to get a sum of money, which Hutton assured me he knew we could get with ease and certainty. The plan was not fully explained to me until we got to Wilmington—of the murder I knew nothing until we were returning from the place the first night, and when my terror prevented the execution of the plan. Then Hutton told me that although he had not mentioned it to me, that he meant to have put the man out of the way, lest his evidence should lead to our conviction. Oh ! if God had taken my life the next day, and never allowed me to go out a second time. But then I Should have died as I liv-

ed—thoughtless unprincipled; and now, though I have brought disgrace and anguish upon you, yet my guilty soul may be saved, because Jesus Christ died for sinners, and he has given me time and hope to repent. When the poor man begged for his life, I told him we would, and I meant it, *indeed* I pleaded for him, but Hutton insisted we would be known, and told me it was no time for pleading, and at last told me either to shoot him or the driver, and then—oh God forgive me.—

Dear Father, I do not write you this to excuse my guilt—no this is too bad! I have not denied it before God or man, but it is to shew you that dreadfully as I had abused your care, your tears and prayers were not altogether thrown away—I *was not quite abandoned*. Oh my God preserve my brother from bad company, and enable him to soothe a heart which my wickedness has so much tortured. The poor woman too—from her I have assisted to tear away her husband, & made her children orphans—If I could only work for them; but God will take care of them. Dear Father, this is a time of shame and sorrow with me, but may God so help me to repent and be converted, that all my sins may be forgiven me, and blotted out of his holy books. I read the Bible the greatest part of my time; I have several other books and tracts, but the Bible is now worth to me all that you used to say it was worth. I learn there that God is gracious, long-suffering, and merciful, forgiving sins to the penitent, and taking delight in a broken spirit; for he says in the Scripture, ‘a broken and contrite heart he will not despise;’ he is able to forgive the worst of sinners, and we read, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be as crimson he can make them white as wool’—how often my dear father have you told me these things, and yet worse than a child, or brute I have resisted and not profited by your advice, & preferred the guilty advice of bad friends. I know that I am inexcusable by my earthly *father*; and can my *God*, my heavenly father, ever forgive me? Oh, if it was not for Jesus Christ, where, where should I go? but I hope that he will support me under the dreadful punishment which I have shortly to suffer—how my soul sinks under it; but if he will only give me hope in my death, and the least, the lowest part in his kingdom, I die contented.

One thing more,—what will you think of me, who am so un-
dererving a wretch, asking any favour of you? but, my dear
father, Mrs. Heaps, the woman whose husband we murder-

ed, is poor and dependent, and her children—it was your son that helped to make orphans! will you not then, notwithstanding your large family, do something for them? give them a salary, or any thing you see best, or can afford, and they, and God, and your son, will bless you—This would sweeten my death, to know that this was done at my request. Remember me, unfortunate as I am to my dear mother. Thank God that my own mother is spared your sufferings. Remember me also, to brother, and sisters; and may my awful situation be a warning to them, and all my acquaintances. God comfort you in this your time of affliction. I have seen a letter from a gentleman in Utica, which stated you would probably be on after my trial. I long, yet dread to see you; it will be a grievous meeting. My eyes are so filled with tears, that I cannot write any more. But you know my feelings better than I can describe them. Do write me soon. This from your guilty, afflicted, undutiful, and imprisoned son,

MORRIS N. B. HULL.

Baltimore, (Prison) April 23d, 1820.

Doct. Amos G. Hull.

ON DRESS.

Continued from page 56. April No.

The whole tenour of the gospel inculcates humility, meekness, selfdenial, and seperation from the pomp and vanities of the world. The Saviour whom we are called to imitate, avoided the superfluities of life. The frivolity of mind which gaiety of apparel indicates, and our limited means for doing good, for assisting in the spread of the gospel, and other benevolent objects, are so many arguments against vain decorations and gay attire.

I shall leave the subject with a few serious reflections addressed to your readers.

Labour to have just views of the nature of Christ's kingdom. "It does not consist in meat and drink; but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." It consists in "a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." I am a friend to plain dress, and an enemy to gaudy and extravagant apparel. Yet I would not hastily condemn a brother or a sister whose garments are not so plain as my own. If I saw any thing that I conceived to be inconsistent with the simplicity that is in Christ, I would avail myself of

some private interview, and in the spirit of meekness and wisdom, suggest what I thought would make their characters appear more lovely. In general, the exercise of good sense, a due regard to propriety, and the sanctions of religion, will be sufficient barriers to Christians against a fanciful and expensive display of dress. The great thing is, to have the heart right—to be clothed with humility as a garment—to be adorned with the graces of the Spirit; then our outward adorning will not occupy much of our attention.

I hope that young Christians will daily remember, that it is infinitely more important to look at themselves in the glass of God's law, than in the glass at which they adorn their persons. If less time were employed at the latter, and more at the former, many who call themselves Christians would be greater ornaments to their profession. I am no advocate for a slovenly disregard of your persons. Cleanliness and decency are almost the inseparable associates of religion. But still you are mistaken if you think that a fine garment can gain you the esteem of the wise and good. Sweetness of temper, a cultivated mind, and uniform piety, will best secure you a place in their hearts. The worst of characters may clothe themselves in purple and fine linen. The exterior appendages are no proofs of personal excellence. They give no real elevation to your character or condition.

*And what's a butterfly? at best,
He's but a caterpillar drest.*

GAY.

So man, in his greatest glory and splendour, is but dust & ashes, and will soon become a feast for worms. When we reflect on the humble origin of our bodies, that they are formed from the dust of the ground; when we remember the melancholy event which first rendered dress necessary; we should be furnished with motives sufficiently strong, not to be vain and proud of *that* which remains as a memorial of the honour and dignity we have lost.

I cannot conclude my remarks without introducing a few lines from a favourite poet, which express my own views, and, I trust, the views of many others on the subject of dress.

—————A heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel, as beneath her care;

But how a body, so fantastic, trim,
Can lodge a heavenly mind—*demands a doubt.*

COWPER.
ARISTARCHUS.

FOR THE INFORMER.

HARD TIMES.

Much is said at this present time on account of the great scarcity of money. Almost every person is complaining of *hard times*.

Is this an uncommon complaint amongst mankind? No. When God was pleased a few years since to withhold, in part, the usual warmth of the sun, and the crops of corn almost destroyed by the chilling frost, then the complaint was "*hard times*." Now the sound of abundance of every thing, necessary for food and clothing is enjoyed, yet we complain of *hard times*.

Blush, my brethren, at your ingratitude to God, for the blessings he has bestowed on us, and now let us be thankful for the mercies we receive, and remember, that "*godliness with contentment is great gain.*"

FRIENDLY HINTS.

"Though Holy Scripture was given to be searched, it was not given to be criticised. It was "written for our learning," not for our cavilling: it was given not to be pertly scrutinized, but to be "inwardly digested;" not to make us wise in our own conceits, but to make us wise unto salvation."

"The Scripture no where teaches us to indulge audacious curiosity; it stirs up no eagerness for pushing speculation beyond its legitimate bounds. It furnishes no invitation for ranging beyond the limited sphere allotted to our imperfect human condition. Its incitements are not irritations but encouragements. The Bible wisely represses all that spiritual vanity which would dive into unprofitable mysteries. It teaches us all that is necessary for us to learn, and there it stops. It shows us what we ought to *believe* in order to our being rescued from this state of apostacy. It instructs us in all that is necessary for us to *do* to be restored to the favor of God, which by sin we forfeited. It is enough that it lays open the disease, presents the remedy and offers God's Holy Spirit to

render it effectual. In short, it reveals all, that as probationary beings we should desire to know, and of all we know it expects us to make a practical use."—*Hannah Moore.*

SUDDEN AND AWFUL DEATH.

Many sudden deaths have lately taken place in this metropolis, but the following instance is peculiarly affecting:

On Friday Jan. 14, as a gentleman in the city was playing at cards with his friends, at his own table, something peculiar in his manner being observed, every eye was fixed upon him, when it was found that he was actually dead, still sitting upright in his chair, and the cards remaining in his hands!

Surely there is something extremely affecting in this event! Who would wish to be summoned into the presence of his Maker and his Judge, from so vain and frivolous an engagement.

[*English Magazine.*]

FOR THE INFORMER.

The Editor's apology for not publishing certain communications in the Religious Informer.

1st. Some have been omitted for want of room; as they could not be inserted, without leaving out matter, that was thought to be preferable.

2d. Some, though written with a degree of ingenuity, were so pointed against particular denominations, that they were thought incompatible with the work. It is argued, that we should first expose the errors of others, in order to clear the way to build up our own doctrine. But stop, my friend. Are you sure, that you are clear from all errors yourself? Is it not possible that some things that you now consider truth, you may hereafter deem erroneous? If so; let us be tender of the feelings of our brother. It is possible that he is right, and we are wrong.

It may be said that the *Editor* is not established in *his own* opinion. I answer. I am, and have been for years, and am willing, when required, to tell it in full; but do not wish to build *my* sentiments on the *ruins* of *another*. We observe the stars, though differing in appearance, *each* observe their *own* order; so ought christians to live in harmony, and hope for the happy time when all error will be eradicated from ourselves and others, and we be made pure in the presence of HIM, who gave his life a ransom to save us.

Now my unconverted friends. Suffer a word of exhortation from one, who loves your souls. Look not too much at the divisions among professed christians, and thereby excuse yourselves; but remember, that *except you are born again, you cannot see the kingdom of God.* John, 3. 3. Surely, if I understand the scriptures, it will be terrible in the day of Judgment, when for their sins, they must be turned into hell. But now is the accepted time and day of salvation. Therefore seek the Lord, *now*, while he is to be found; and may it be your happy situation so to live in time, that in heaven you may sing that *new song* which will never end.

EDITOR.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Several communications concerning the glorious spread of God's work in reformation, have been lately received. But as we have not room to publish all the letters at full length, we will select some that we hope will comfort the saints, and induce sinners to seek the Lord.

Elder Charles Bowles of Huntington, Vt. writes that the churches in that region are well engaged, and there is good attention to the word, and the prospect of increasing reformation is great.

Elder Frederick Clark writes that he has travelled in the states of N. H. Ms. Me. Vt. and L. C. and has "seen God's work revived, sinners converted, and churches built up, while mourners were crying *what shall we do to be saved?*" He now resides in Salisbury Ms. where he says, "there has been a great gathering to meetings, and a very great attention; a number hopefully converted to the Lord, some baptized, and a church gathered, consisting of 30. Seven were baptized the last sabbath in April, in presence (as was supposed) of 1500 or 2000 people, an unusual solemnity was observed.

There is a good revival of God, in the lower part of Newbury-Port, about thirty have been hopefully converted to the Lord.

Elder Joseph Badger of Mendon, N. Y. has communicated a sketch of a late Journey in New-York state, where he has seen many enquiring the way to Zion. It will appear in our next.

Also. Several letters have been published in the Christian Herald, which give good accounts of the glorious spread of the gospel.

C. H. Danforth writes, that multitudes in Rhode Island state, are flocking to Christ. She saw 33 baptized at one time in Providence, and 20 more were to be baptized the next day. She says "the reformation is in Smithfield, Burrillville, Mendon, and in almost all the towns around."

Elder Jonathan S. Thomson of Verona, N. Y. writes that "God of late has poured out his spirit in that, and the adjacent towns."

Good tidings are received from Philadelphia.

In short, the wonderful work of reformation is remarkably spreading in almost every direction. And O may it spread, till the earth is filled with the glory of God.

ON BOOKS.

DR. AIKEN, in his valuable letters from a father to a Son, thus elucidates the value of a Library:

"Imagine (says he) that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, and obliged them to converse with us on the most interesting topics—what an inestimable privilege should we think it!—how superior to all common enjoyments! But in a well furnished library we, in fact, possess this power. We can question Xenophon and Cæsar on their campaigns—make Demosthenes & Cicero plead before us—join in the audiences of Socrates & Plato, & receive demonstrations from Euclid & Newton. In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress. We can, at pleasure, exclude dullness and impertinence, & open our doors, to wit and good sense alone. Without books, I have never been able to pass a single day to my entire satisfaction; with them no day has been so dark as not to have had its pleasure. Even pain and sickness have for a time been charmed away by them.

POETRY.

Female Pilgrim.

WHITHER goest thou Pilgrim stranger?
Wandering through this lonely vale,
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail.

CHORUS. No I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Oh! Hallelujah, oh! Hallelujah,

I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah, oh! Praise ye the Lord.

2 Pilgrim thou hast justly call'd me,
Passing through this waste so wide;
But no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a guide.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Such a guide—no guide attends thee,
Thence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
Oh! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

5 'Tis unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

6 Pilgrim see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail.
No, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

7 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its banks my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
Then my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

8 Whilst I gaz'd with sight surprizing,
Down the stream she plung'd from sight;
Gazing still I saw her rising,
Like an angel cloth'd with light.
Oh! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

9 Cease my heart this mourning crying,
Death will burst this sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, fluttering flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

Errata.—1st page of May No. 24th line from
the bottom, for ~~reformed~~, read reformed.